

Adam Fieled

twisted limbs

apocalypse out there. here,
endless wheels, sparks; pockets
of restrained & segmented light.
lovely ways you defy me. best
moments, always, you on top,
when the world ends a little
bit. warmth between lovers
can never be unnatural. nor
can hostage-taking, or a healthy
regard for oblivion. it's all
that's left in common between
us & them: twisted limbs. our
mouths move like theirs':
flips, bites. our movements
prefigure the same ends:
consummated peace, mediated
silence, "deliberate hebetude".
we're w/ them as a necessary
antithesis. they can't see us.
they never could. it's left to
us to make a balance, if we can.
we'll need nothing less than luck.

edit

we look so good on paper,
don't we, two hot bandits
making love w/ words &
bodies. perfect, a scamp
poet & rogue "fictionista",
each straightforwardly
attractive in an "indie"

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